

# LOVE POEMS

FOURTH SERIES

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REGINALD C. ROBBINS





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# LOVE POEMS

FOURTH SERIES

REGINALD C. ROBBINS



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## HIBERNALS



## HIBERNALS

### I

BELOVÈD ! how long ago a winter was  
Of loneliest desolation : 'neath mine heart  
An icy stiffening snow-sepulchred ;  
And all above, about my branches bare  
A frost-blanch'd irony, a sleeted blast  
Of bitterest endurance ! Love, how long,  
How longtime since ; though winters, ah, so few  
Have intervened ! For now the snow without  
Our windows swirleth round a fire-warm'd hearth  
Of heart's best homeliness ; the comfort of it  
Sustaining sap and splendor green throughout  
Our mutual forestage — as meanwhile sung.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

FOR meanwhile many a song hath been to thee  
In praises seasonable of thy spring,  
Thy soul's-own summer and of autumn-time  
With death-deep, loyal griefs but binding close  
And closer yet the dear companionship.  
And now, with fruits of harvest, him our child,  
Betwixt us in our arms enfolded, we  
Hearken the boreal sepulchring without  
Of blithe, past raptures ; whilst, enraptured more  
With inward bliss, bless we the intimacy  
Of hibernation, earth's primordial  
Privity of love's garner'd aftermath.

## HIBERNALS

### III

AND, soft-uncouth, an inarticulance  
Of infant-mouth primeval now, anon,  
Croons ripplingly in undersong, so tender  
An antiphon (if intermittent still  
And nowise imitative of the storm)  
In spiritual symphony thereto.  
That thou and I unto the firelight's smile  
And sympathetic murmurings of flame  
Yearn with the parent-thrill and presently  
Feel stealing to our very core of soul  
The wild, waste, outdoor mouthings. For we learn  
Luxurious kinship with the dearth-lorn blast.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV.

WE learn and know the nature-element  
Within us which unto the desolate world  
Responds with sense of desolateness there  
Enarm'd, enfolded and attuned to souls  
Wholly at peace, at passionate peace, with all.  
'T is true, this body of man must find its breath,  
For peace' sake, not in nature-agony  
Of contest elemental but, in warmth  
And physic-comfort of the fire-gleam'd hearth :  
Before such feel in fulness be achieved.  
Alone 't is civilization yields our frame,  
World-worn, the life-chance of the strongest soul.

## HIBERNALS

### V

A SELF-WON strength of spirit thus is in us,  
Though ne'er so snugly our companionship  
Allows the hiemation, listeneth  
Awide to tempest-music whilst so close  
The folk-song flutters on the trustful lips.  
I need not shame, if that the happier heart  
Of this our spirit-homeliness more seem  
Winter-energetic than that heart of old  
Exposed and harden'd, if so shrinkingly,  
So bitterly to the insensate gale.  
Now are both moods ennobled ; that, of dearth ;  
And this exuberance : by strength through thee.—

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

AND in such mood exuberant we have pass'd  
The hours of storm that morningward endured  
From evening nightlong round our wonder-home.  
The hours of storm have pass'd in utterance  
Of something in me alien not to them :  
A rapturous wintriness if still hearth-bound  
In domesticity. But now abroad  
Ourselves into the morning-world start we,  
Anew that now the sun hath risen along  
The southward hillside and the clouds are swept  
Clean of the sky by yon new westerwind :  
We, in our wintry strength and majesty.



## HIBERNALS

### VII

FROM ingleside and home-ties fare we forth,  
Leaving for focus of remembrance there  
The child, love's garner'd fruitage ; starting forth  
For rapture-fed communion with our world  
Of sheeted snow. For we have come, we two,  
Through autumn-griefs and autumn-harvestings  
Alike, to feel of the soul, as love allows,  
World-power: the vigorous splendor of the time  
(Which is not summer, savoreth scarce of spring)  
Which clotheth not with leaves the forest-lift  
Of life, but archeth, interarcheth high  
Over the snow a structure vaulted strong.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

FOR, in cathedral of the frosted god,  
Of earth as earth is hard and grandly free,  
Uprear in groin'd, well-architected thrust  
Of noble openness and dignities  
The shafts of soul's organic forest, charged  
With mundane-orb'd endurance, with a worth  
Of heaven-wide inference ; beneath the sun  
His crystalline illumining, a faith  
Provided, scarce of inflorescence, yet  
Of fecund space-significance, a truth  
Magnificent in intimacy with  
The blue endoming earth's mosaic aisles.

## HIBERNALS

### IX

NOT now the low-door'd home, the nest of peace,  
But, valent and virtued by the peace within,  
For us the aspiration as of upreach  
And outlook cloudless of the frozen fane !  
For us the liberal yearning, heart in heart  
And hand to hand (with soul-core centred still  
In the nested offspring) toward the sweep of life !  
The light is on the hillside, o'er the fields  
The shimmer of opalescence, crystalwise ;  
And everywhere above the breeze-fleck'd floor  
Of forest, the crisp twitter of nestless birds  
At home as we about the heavenly hearth.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

FOR furry and feather'd hearts are all about us,  
Of sun inspired and steely element  
Ennobled to invite communion with them.  
Though they be meek and wary (ay, perchance,  
Of craft and fury to their weaker kind)  
Yet are we, by the love-tie, capable —  
In friendliness, in wonderment with them —  
Of audience which, though o'er the crypts of life,  
Yields hint of earth-sweet purpose and a song  
Through tinkling galleries echoing of joy  
Interpretative, ah, of utterance, though  
Primeval, yet intelligible aye.

## HIBERNALS

### XI

INTELLIGIBLE — as the infant-croon  
Archaic, eozoan, yet hath found  
Its way of nature to the parent-heart,  
Ear-opening the soul of parenthood  
Even to the hearing of an humanism  
In wintriness, discordant though 't would seem.  
These thin path-traceries in the powdery snow,  
This piping inarticulance above us,  
Bear meaning to the spirit learnèd now  
In lore earth-consanguineous. Love's speech  
Hath taken a winter-trick, a lilt of song  
Year-natured, from yon blessèd cottage-walls.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

WITHOUT those cottage-walls must lie indeed  
The mission in the opportunity  
To plead by music to the music-ear  
Of the love-uncultured folk, the furry things  
And feather'd of the vaults of frostedness  
And denizens of these cathedral aisles  
Of the frozen godhood : unto them to plead  
The inward-won fulfilment. And to them,  
Through them and in their sphery affluence  
Of freedom, freely sing I for the hope  
They 'll not refuse to hearken who have taught me  
By infancy an elemental faith.

## HIBERNALS

### XIII

AND, sith our song be elemental-borne,  
Why sadden we, should the tameless twittering  
Evade, in elvish and unfounded fear,  
Our footsteps haply flounder'd in the trail ;  
Or world, this outdoor, crisp and crystalline,  
Sunflooded fluorescence, echo mainly  
But love's misstep ; why sadden, when the faith  
Of honest purport foils the failure in us,  
Compelling confidence how crudest song,  
If single-tongued of friendship kindest musing,  
Deserves world-hearing, world-earn'd complaisance  
In Orphean conclave of the birds and beasts ?

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

AND fear not we a Marsyan-cruel doom  
Of critical reprise should thus the skill  
Announcing love-initiation lack us —  
Skill requisite to make proselyte the cirque  
Of uncouth audience. Some least grief of loss  
Should be, though scarce of fear unto the soul  
Of the flouted singer for the vanish'd wings,  
The flirted feet of the airy, elvish crew ! —  
No pride so sensitive is in me now  
To tremble at misjudgment or to weep  
When once again with thee our nest of peace  
Wraps us around, world-instance still unwon.



## HIBERNALS

### XV

BELOVÈD, sans sense of such home-privacy,  
Our low-door'd nest, with thee and garner'd meed  
Of harvesting in frame of him our babe;  
Sans absolute immanency to annul  
The plausible failure of the missioning  
In the winter-world beyond, love had not dared  
The human heart-exposure; but as erst  
Had fled the splendid savagery and hid  
Deep, savage-like, in some rock-cavern'd lair  
For sepulchring through season of the north —  
That, when the south came sweet, mayhap, my soul  
Were torpid-swoon'd that bravely should have breathed.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

BUT, bravely now, no cold torpidity  
Shall numb the conscience with aborted pulse.  
For anthems full unto the frosted god  
Command the echoes, whether hark or no  
The votaries of his temple. And, the hour  
Of mission over, to the hearth of home  
Thy feet and mine return, the drift-pack'd path  
Retracing to the threshold — from within  
At the half-oped door a greeting, infinite  
In welcome to the sense, soul-primitive  
Of crooning inarticulance : the child,  
Love's first-fruits both and altar to the year.

## HIBERNALS

### XVII

BELOVÈD, how long ago the winter-world  
(Sans sense of thee and of such home-coming  
Potential from the paths laborious  
Of onways yet unbroken) had to me  
Seem'd onerous beyond the power of man.  
How long ago, though winters, ah, so few  
Have intervened, to sum themselves herein —  
In this the winter of our harvestings,  
This winter of our undertaking, so,  
To reach the storm-world with the warmth of breath,  
The wild world with love's all-civility :  
This speech of home-fire flickering to the tongue !

## LOVE POEMS

### XVIII

AND can the confidence of intimate speech,  
Of privacy poetic freeze within me,  
Stopping the voice of comfort, if the blast,  
Forsooth, scoff wilder and profane, perchance,  
Heart's very altar-hearth to puff at it  
With dismal-dread intrusion ? O, build anew  
The blaze, allow e'en this the blare of storm  
To buffet but with flame-flaps ! And more loud  
Swell with afflatus of the hearth-of-storm  
The music of the night-invaded door —  
An need be ! But nowise shame we and cease  
Love-utterance, though the soul itself be mock'd !

## HIBERNALS

### XIX

FOR faith and sacredness assuredly  
Afford a self-assurance, guarantee  
Song-value though soul's shaken sanctuary  
Resound but hollowly to shocks of storm.  
And, where the sanctuary's founding-stone  
Base in earth's centre, no malignity  
With cynic scout can sweep to nought in the night  
Our sound of antheming. — The vanish'd wings !  
Deplore we, both, that bourn of missioning ;  
But not the baffled mission ! Love, for we  
Sit close within the centre, still more sure  
Allied, that love hath proved love's privity !



## PARENTALS





## PARENTALS

### I

THE long-continued strain of thine unease  
Had nigh unmann'd me ; and thy latter pain  
Would overwhelm. A numbness, dread-compell'd,  
Soddening all the spirit feels within  
Of resonant, had fain devolved upon me :  
Me mute when most some cheer but from the tongue,  
Courageous though by lip-vitality,  
Had been man's ministration. But the powers  
Of thy distress had well wrought dumbness in me —  
Sad-apprehensive of thy wearing days.  
And when the worst was come and fate was on thee  
With pangs of the birth, I stood not at thy side.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

I COULD but leave thee with the kiss of fear  
To undergo alone thine agony ;  
I then with heart of agony to hearken  
Apart thine hour of frenzy. Till thy torture,  
Wringing in me the very strings of the soul,  
Hath from the panic stupor waked me wide  
To vivid anguish and therewith a voice :  
A voice of terrible pity and of prayer  
For thee and for thine issue — but at last  
A voice, man-like : potentiality  
Of conquest over awful circumstance,  
Of insight beyond fate unto the soul !

## PARENTALS

### III

FOR now I heed me that within thy heart  
Was never fear nor wearingness nor pain ;  
But outlook of the end, encouragement  
Of love-vitality directed toward  
The miracle of offspring ; nought of fate,  
But all self-purpose unto genesis,  
Autonomous adoption of the trial  
For that the trial only may afford :  
The event creative, the reality  
Of individual life anew begun  
Through interministration of thy life  
And mine, thus universal overtly.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

AND so ; through thine adoption of thy share  
In power creative and its terror-stress  
Of pain as 't were by protest cosmic for  
The spirit-imposition in the clay ;  
Because thou sayest, " Let there be life ", and life  
Evolves upon the utterance (whate'er  
Of penalty thou payest, sacrifice  
By dint of the god-assumption, to the gods) ;  
Must I as well, within my milder part  
Of agony by sympathy, acknowledge  
Only the victory of vital love  
Above the dreadness of earth's cowering.

## PARENTALS

### V

TO vivid love and not to pain and fear  
Be then the song : where fear and pain have waked  
The spirit to vision but of life-begun —  
Hymning in dreadness of the cowering clay  
Mainly love's precondition. And, that now  
The issue of the birth hath come in hope  
(Not loss as formerly), shall thou and I,  
Though creatures of death's cosmos, prove therein,  
By burst of the cosmos unto soul afresh,  
Union intern : for bond between the worlds,  
World's babe, the god-embodiment of us  
As we are flesh and spirit with all earth.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

FOR that which springs of nature can but be,  
Despite earth's pain and fear, yet earth's-own child,  
Ensample natural (so proving earth  
Her fear, yet truth-potential) of that heart  
Of love which is our birthright; which alone  
By soul-inception world-adoptively,  
Self-comprehending instinct, positeth  
Experience, precondition of the pain.  
Wherefore the child, well-known to be of love  
The formal fruit and of love formulate  
Incipiently, may fairly span the worlds  
Of earth and soul to constitute them one.

## PARENTALS

### VII

WHEREFORE as to some cosmic hearth of earth  
Welcome the spirit-comer as to home ! —  
Not from the vague, nor to the vague he cries  
Demonstrative of function. Not one breath  
But reconciles the birth-astonishment —  
Within and by the power of common clay  
Still to repeat in every instance new  
The organic intra-inference : within  
Each miracle-event, the reason-law  
Of sentience-involution ; illustrating  
In each pulse-beat afresh the evidence  
Of earth-formation as by will of earth.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

BEHOLD, in every birth the immanence  
Of truth-formation by earth-travailing !  
First by thy days of wearing, thereupon  
By this thine hour of frenzy ; and hereafter  
(Please hope !) but by babe's-nurture ; by child's-  
learning  
(Through dint of every wonder-influence  
Assertive on awe-infantile) of each  
Wisdom of worldhood, rudimentary dread  
Impress'd upon the dim interpreter  
Self-urged to adaptation : that thereof  
Be sentience stimulated, be built up  
The architectural ordinance of mind.



## PARENTALS

### IX

SO, every way, the inter-inferences  
Of pact-response, be they in love or fear,  
Triumphantly demonstrate, each in kind,  
A comprehension through the influencing  
Instructive which, by process permanent,  
Develops earth or soul alike in each  
Uniquely universal evidence  
Call'd individual, whose identity —  
Be it of chemic-compound or of man —  
Each in degree avows amalgamation  
To systemization meaningful, some proof  
Afforded of the person'd permeance.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

THE permeance that is I or thee alike  
By virtue of our evidence distinct ;  
The person that began as of the babe  
In trial of this our fear and suffering —  
Thy pain and mine who, being concern'd but most,  
Must, through his never-ceasing sufferance  
Of earth-sensation, build and cumulate  
Earth-permeantly the personality  
Of one who, sharing heritage of us  
Alike, shall (unlike me or thee) beyond  
Aught of our possible interpretance  
Experience educative truth unique !

## PARENTALS

### XI

BUT unto us the opportunity,  
If not of literal formulation, still  
Of guidance, introduction on the sense  
Of this expected personality  
(And predicated genius prophesied  
Of world-interpretance beyond our world) —  
Unto us twain the duty, love, devolved  
Of moulding unto exhibition first  
Such aspects of experience as seem  
Suggestive most — suggestive, ay, for thee  
Or me, not as we haply hitherto  
Have been but, as by parenthood become !

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

THROUGH sympathy progenitorial (lo !  
Evolved, this hour of pain and earthly fear,  
In this thy happy issue !) happiness  
Shall guide, no doubt, the parent-instinct toward  
An understanding of the dim-felt need,  
Sure adumbration of the bourgeoning  
At world-beginning. For such happiness  
Is inly of an innocence akin  
To world-beginnings ; and, imbued with breath  
Of wonder at the contact, flowering  
In long-unwonted childnesses of joy  
Assisting sweetly love's rejuvenance.

## PARENTALS

### XIII

FOR, sooth, as in thy mother-face I see  
The solemn exultation, after pain  
The bless'd relief in high assurance of  
The issue's fortune, feel I humbly here  
A mother-power of faith indigenous  
Well-worth as any dreamt-of hitherto  
In love's philosophy ; a vision open'd  
To regions of the world's old chronicle  
Of thought's preadolescence : in my creed  
Mistook for myth. The magic openeth  
Of fairyhood back-reaching infinitely  
Unto the dawn behind the noon in thee.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

THE dawn whereto yon orience belongs  
Of fair ingenuosness were in thee still :  
A *naïveté* acceptive, satisfied  
In bland recipience as of vitalism  
Fancied in all around — and sagely so !  
The vex'd perplexity of cosmic years,  
Soul-overweighting, wisely melts away  
In mother-instinct of the youth of truth.  
And in the wisdom heart-autochthonous  
Thy wide-rewarded spirit sees, at peace,  
The wonder-prospect of the leading-forth  
By sympathy of infancy through earth.

## PARENTALS

### XV

IT were not, then, a harvesting of truths  
Haply fore-ripen'd and wherefrom to pick  
This fruit or other to the quickening  
Of the taste in this our babe ; but germinance  
Of child's-own earth, from earliest sense-seed  
Implanted, gradual with every growth  
Of the flower of sensibility upon him ;  
And ours, as guided by thy morning-sight  
Of all day's blare had blinded, to believe  
Anew, through him and with his hourly need,  
The truths of unsophistication, faith's  
Sufficiencies heart-graded day by day :

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

AND thus the guide-responsibility  
But implicates affinity of sense  
With him, the so-dependent on earth's power :  
Of our part learn'd love's protogenesis  
Almost unguess'd in my philosophy  
Yet serving well the secret of a spirit  
Whose proper kinship with the wilds and ways  
Of simpler earth-things long-since slept forgot —  
Since childhood in us snatch'd maturity  
And left life's toys a-lying. And thus our age  
Matures in youthfulness by fetching youth  
Back to our bosoms in a little child.



## PARENTALS

### XVII

How well the little child shall lead us then  
Back through the years whose sweetness quintessent  
Wells up within me as I gaze, in thee,  
On sweetness quintessent of motherhood  
And, in the babe, on leadership at last  
Provided to the mind's perplexity.  
The pain and wearing of the days foregone,  
The fear and suffering now, in sooth, are shown  
The way of vision ever-orient,  
Horizon-cirque of spirit, scarce by loss  
Of life erst continental but, by breadth  
Of outlook o'er primordial oceanhood.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVIII

THOUGH there the scenic figure fain betrays  
The spiritual fault should we neglect  
The eminence in us, above the child's,  
Down-stooping, and ennobling this we see.  
The fairyhood were fairer in our hearts  
Than his, beloved ! For in us the feel  
Of fresh-won innocence, through him achieved,  
Assoilzies and enlightens, ah, how rich  
And far a reach of world-soul intercourse,  
How vast a sweep, beyond beginnings in him  
Of all thy tender dawn-sight recreates !  
No child must backward lead us from love-truth.

## PARENTALS

### XIX

LOVE-TRUTH we 've long-laboriously achieved —  
Now none less cherishable than the child  
His very innocence enricheth it!  
Not for one instant must the guidance fail  
Of this thy heart-sight fostering in him  
(Firmlier than inference acceptingly  
Of earth's sense-kinship fairy-fanciful ;  
Firmlier than infancy !) prepotencies  
Of sane sophistication best fulfill'd  
Through heart-felt sympathies scarce simulating  
Life as in lifeless-elemental, but  
Stablishing spirit where is life in love.

## LOVE POEMS

### XX

AND, because love 's of beauty, life of song  
(Insight, expressive comprehendingly),  
This song unto his spirit stablishing  
Wisdom of beauty where the infant-wail  
Would fail of speech-suffusion ! If to him  
Be sensitive acceptance, awesome trust —  
Yet not to him the voice as unto us  
Of meaning, of interpretation ! So  
Be inarticulance mind-interfused  
In speech of conscienced innocence ; be love  
(Proved infancy of trust brought to self-sight  
As truth) made vocal in integrity.

## PARENTALS

### XXI

FOR thus no more mere dread perplexity  
At pain and earth's birth-problem, but a speech  
Of all-adoption, in solemnity  
Engender'd of the suffering and fear ;  
Yet intimate of serious happiness  
Responsibly content ; ingenuous  
Desire and delight for parenthood  
As by the babe reveal'd and satisfied !  
I had not thought within thy pain to find  
Such solace as this little child hath brought  
Who, born of terrible sacrifice, hath furnish'd  
Full resonance to rack'd strings of the soul.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXII

AND so unto the cradle may we bring  
A childhood-fantasy, feeling with him  
The fairyness of earth and speaking it  
With delicate elaboration in  
The touch of playful mystery, to lead  
The babe in tenderness of heart; but aye,  
For complement to childness, subtler sense  
Of beauty to interpretance mature :  
The fantasy, the beauty equally  
Based in a sympathy perceptive of  
Kinship of nature — at the acme now  
In faith appreciative parentwise.

## PARENTALS

### XXIII

HOW wonderful without compare then, love,  
That we, in adolescence held apart  
And sharing nought of childhood-memory,  
Should in this second childhood be at one !  
How poor the price of pain and suffering  
Which unto years of parenthood affords  
The mutual infancy, the memories  
Amalgamated and revived  
Backreaching through the years of loneliness  
To weld both lives, as 't were from birth, beyond  
All possibility of severance  
Unto one human whole within us both !

## LOVE POEMS

### XXIV

AN human whole be this, the spirit-birth  
Of genesis within us severally ! —  
What uplift in the outlook ! With what hymn  
Of hope indemnified thy lips with mine  
Join in life-celebration ! — And, with feel  
Of primal intimacy, falls upon  
These hearts alike the momentary hush  
Of awed inception ere a realizing  
In absolute fruition. Dear, but one vigil  
Of mute acceptance (ah ! scarce dread-compell'd)  
Ere burst, perchance, some perfect song of souls  
Union'd and firmamental from the first !



# RELIGION IN NATURE



## RELIGION IN NATURE

### I

WITH thee, belovèd, to the wilds and ways  
Of the elder earth mine indolence hath come  
For fair rejuvenation in the spirit  
Of sunshine and the poesy of air  
Open and unconfined, the breath of heaven :  
With thee and through thee to attain by earth  
A recrudescence and be hale and whole,  
Breathed as the winds and tongued as woods and sea,  
As hilltops sighted and the mountain-birds  
That, swift o' the breeze and voiced as forest-boughs  
Or shoreward surges, feel in heart the strength  
Of ancient eminence enocean'd round.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

NOT as erstwhile alone and sorrowing,  
In desperation delving (banish'd, ay,  
From heart's urbanity) I'd vainly seek  
The peace of comprehension in the primal  
And ruder, earlier earth ; not as erstwhile  
To mock with hindsight of an hope denied  
The emptiness of ancients destroy'd —  
And call the desolation thus divine ;  
Nor as reverted to the dim, uncouth  
And multitudinous incivilities :  
Save so to find in these by sympathy  
The soul-integrity thou bringest to them.

## RELIGION IN NATURE

### III

FOR now our interchanging courtesies  
Of heart and hand as side by side we mount  
The swart, rough rock-heap, these suffice to show  
The youth perpetuant, child-hearth of home,  
Enimaged in the wilderness : as wide  
We gaze horizonward o'er many a league  
Of flashing sea-sweep, surgent spruce and pine  
In the high noon-scintillance. For these by thee  
Increasingly as loftier yet we climb  
Seem systemized, subsistently composed  
To furtherance in beauty by the working  
Of each least mutuality of all.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

THERE are who take of earth and ocean-round,  
Of mountain and of valley but the feel  
Of grandeur and of wonder-worth at large ;  
For them the scheme composed as though some mind  
And eye beyond the workings of the world  
Survey'd and plann'd and saw that it was good.  
There are for whom beauty can be but this,  
A preadornment to a master-scheme  
Whereof the eye and mind as one apart  
Contemplating, not bearing share in it,  
Conceived and overlaid upon the truth  
Of earth a worth not self-engender'd there.

## RELIGION IN NATURE

### V

HE seëth best (I yield) who loveth best :  
And, so, our hearts by perspicacity  
Of mutual furtherance may sense beyond  
The eye and heart of any of these here,  
Of beast or bird or tree-top or of man  
Who knoweth not their splendor and his own ;  
And in such sort the beauty is beyond them  
And overlaid upon the plan of all. —  
Yet not the eye nor mind may enter in,  
Save as imagine with purport toward  
The least of these that anywise hath heart  
And purport in environment contain'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

SO, wanting thee (myself a mind without  
The secrecy of things), I might not take  
The meaning as in beauty, but construed  
An ordering as of fiat and a scheme  
Conceived of desolation terrible  
Despite the breadth of vision ; saw the stroke  
That blasted ; and in resignation sought  
Sublimity by dominance ordain'd  
Over a shatter'd purpose and an hope  
Shamed of rebellion as all earth aghast  
Lay abject, cowering beneath the sword.  
But found not comfort of the holier truth.



## RELIGION IN NATURE

### VII

YET now no wounded stem beside our path  
Without life's inward splendor ; not one sound  
Of windy eminence (the wash of the boughs  
Or wail of wood-bird) but in wildness speaks  
The world-old secret, shared this hour through thee  
Within me ! For no purport superposed  
Predominates to make of waves of the sea  
Subserviences. But an ordering born  
Of hand-to-hand and heart-in-heart proclaims  
The comfort of domestic holiness  
Achieved of wilderness its every heart  
Envisaged and embosom'd of an own.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

FOR each intendeth all, as 't were through thee  
Enlighten'd over and beyond the stress  
Of privy struggling elementalwise.  
For each intendeth each as though with joy  
Confronting effort and engendering  
In universal domicile his offspring  
Of spirit-effluent — my truth with thine.  
And where seem'd once but overmonadwise  
A God (and mirrors merely of His might),  
Now gleam the mundane multitudes, approved  
Each godly and ensphering everywhere  
A myriad monism as of thine in mine.

## RELIGION IN NATURE

### IX

THE youth of the world indeed is now within us,  
As, overtly without, all things are young !  
The ways of the world throughout rejuvenant,  
Intend but holier hearthstone and the home  
Now calling from below over the sea !  
For at the hearthstone waits a nobler youth  
(As never in the years of loneliness),  
Youth human, thine and mine for living o'er —  
The childhood of us waiting our return  
And calling as in health of wilderness !  
Descend we, love, in unioning renew'd  
Of the earlier birth ; wise in our nature-strength.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

THE swift sea-wind is in our faces sweet.  
Earth yearning draweth at our feet ; unloath  
That from the upland rock-heap, down and down,  
Haste to the neighbor-haven, taking ship  
To try with the nether sphere the sweep and surge  
Onward, along of ocean's openness —  
Toward bourn in the fane domestic and the place  
Of the waxing spirit infantile-divine :  
The waxing spirit new-discover'd in us  
By declaration of the wilderness,  
By dedication of the elder earth  
To mutual intropermeance benign.

## RELIGION IN NATURE

### XI

BELOVÈD, and may I therefore still respond,  
Though indolently aging, to the lift  
And throb of sunbeam and of ocean-spume,  
The orb of heaven and myriad-mated proof  
Of heart's high health of the monad-wilderness  
Its immanence of mutuality,  
Its beauty by power of the private worth  
Of each least straggling weed, each air-wing'd voice  
Breathed and besoul'd by inference of an whole.  
Love ! not an Whole beyond the reach of each !  
Love ! no All-Love ! — But this sweet heart-in-heart,  
Religion of our nature as we live !



# WORK AND DEATH





## WORK AND DEATH

### I

DEAR heart, our hearts have shared alike the woe  
Of watching by the side of him we love  
The hours and hours, the nights and days, away  
While fever and pain upon the pitiful frame  
Have wrought well-nigh their worst — the hour of death  
Seeming at any hour from him not far.  
And therefore close to our own piteousness  
The death-spirit hover'd. And our hearts of love  
Were silent, heavy. But the sufferer's smile  
With life returns ; rejoicing hourly more  
The wearied eyes of watching. That our hearts  
Are lifted and our sighs transform'd to song.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

FOR, with the hope of health in him we love,  
Hath come to us, not stimulance alone  
In life's anticipation but, therewith  
The happiness of helpfulness, the sense  
Of stress and woe rewarded in the stint  
Of daily, momentarily assisting toward  
His comfort and establishment in strength. —  
It were not that mere natural descent,  
Continuance of our race which seem'd estopp'd,  
Were rescued. For the cumulance of life  
Lies less in generation than in labor  
To foster, to make flourish, whom we love.

## WORK AND DEATH

### III

AND only when the fostering, estopp'd,  
Turns to decay is heart's dismay upon us ;  
The help perverted, scarce the lineage lost,  
Destroying faith's foundations. Yet the beloved,  
Being loved for sonship, life-inheritance,  
Is doubly loved ; blood-nature too inciting  
That aid which mainly springs more spiritual. —  
And to help-effort, happily at heart,  
Our dawns are dedicated. Though within  
Are adumbrations of a deeper joy  
In sorrow shrouded ; of a grief or joy  
(I know not) founded in the fear o'erpast.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

FOR such our normal nurture that, if life  
Along a wonted level of fair days  
Allow our avocations without let;  
And strength be equal; then the helpfulness  
Of hourly intercourse with all around  
(And specially with sonship, as by nature !)  
Seems spirit-perquisite, a privilege  
Not readily nor yet expectedly  
In danger of a forced relinquishment.  
And from such surety breedeth in our hearts  
An artifact of arrogant self-trust,  
Conceit of spiritual sufficiency.

## WORK AND DEATH

### V

NOT that the normal outlook may not find  
From day to day the usual rebuff  
Of half-frustration, testimonial shrewd  
Of derogation from the standard set  
For fair achievement ! Yet some modicum  
Of alteration of the face of things  
Toward betterment unto a shaping whim  
Or guiding principle of arrogance  
May show unto the setting of the sun.  
And, with the rising next, ariseth in us  
Fresh expectation of accomplishment  
According to the measure of a man.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

BUT, face to face with death, what providence  
Of personal provision can avail ? —  
The fate, maybe, averts itself. Or some  
Peculiar care duly evades for once  
The momentary menace — and insofar  
Is miracle accomplish'd, conquering  
The terrible dismay confronting us.  
And he we love smileth the more secure !  
But still the fact of fate, the sight of self  
In premonition powerless, abides  
Shaking the quicksands of our self-conceit,  
Shuddering the courage of our ignorance.

## WORK AND DEATH

### VII

THOUGH hereupon some comfort. We are come  
Not strangers to the world, not otherwise form'd  
Of alien order unto which our proof  
Of life-in-death were all-inimical!  
But, so earth-domiciled, our hearts are home:  
Involved, evolved of truth-experiment,  
The creatures of self-circumstance innate;  
Are come, in courage or in cowardice  
(Still equally in either sort), entail'd  
Of the nature-fluxion of a death-in-life,  
Axiom and explanation in ourselves  
Of the very confrontation now abhorr'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

I MEAN not merely that the onward move  
Of earth, the cyclic iterance, hath need  
Of death and death-succession, to make place  
For fresh performance all-improvingly :  
And, so, that death had come to dwell with us.  
For such surplenitude, such plethora  
Of instances, requiring sacrifice,  
Were the very crux. — But that the spirit we are,  
Aware of death, by that awareness takes  
Truth best upon herself, earning her state  
In sequence sacrificial : life proved love,  
In passion of the death-envisagement.



## WORK AND DEATH

### IX

AND thereby doth achievement within death  
Survive and flourish, every circumstance  
Of spirit germane unto the paradox,  
Not as inimical to health of soul  
But, as preconstitution of the heart  
Wherethrough alone can real accomplishment  
Obtain. Nor need there now be balance drawn  
Between the sum of such accomplishment  
And mortal inefficiency. For, lo !  
Yon passion in the embers of our pride,  
Aglow but in the breath of chastening :  
Which age-long by the death-wings hath been fann'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

DEAR heart, death's absolute overmastery  
Foreproven in our natural helplessness  
Beneath the fear and rumor of his fame  
So hovering close upon the soul we love ;  
And yet outbraved within the militance  
Of death-appreciation while we toil ;  
Precludes the more-and-less of estimate.  
Our life's accomplishment can still contain  
The very blotting-out (though only guess'd  
And momentarily forepast), avow the fear  
Destructive of creation ; and still live  
Evaluative though annihilate.

## WORK AND DEATH

### XI

AND thus the nobler grief, the joy austere  
Alike, the outlook and acceptance whole  
Of will self-sacrificial ! For see, how life —  
Already seeming deep and rich enow  
With hope and failure, in the peril felt  
For love's sake (and the perilment of love  
O'erpast) — hath deepliest, richliest qualified  
Experience of the spirit, so learning most  
The meed of parentage to be maintain'd.  
The life-efficiency, by death therethrough  
Avow'd and death's all-cancellation felt,  
Itself were absolute, incalculable —

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

AND, so, world-fostering, a power, a pulse  
Of spirit-inspiration, an ideal  
Creative ; through the ages mundanely,  
Of love even and the joy of helpfulness :  
This son we love and fear'd-for teaching us  
The way of labor everlastingly. —  
Lift we the living burden, aye expecting  
Unto our labor death's quietus yet.  
Love we the fear ; and, with the courage born  
Of fear accepted, watch beside the world  
The heart-achievement immanent, the wisdom  
Of confidence : in failure beautiful.

# SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS



# SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS

## I

AH, love ! when I consider in mine house  
The young child and conceive how we are come  
To dignity of eldness, at a step  
The port and stature as of ancestors  
(And desuetude ancestral so entail'd !);  
Whilst he, the novel generation, groweth  
Dearly usurping all the livelier grace  
Of hope : the waxing, not the waning, life ;  
Then in the pause of vision'd parentage  
Back hark I to that earlier state foregone  
Of mine own childhood, mine envisagement  
Of father and of mother lost erewhile.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

THE feel of abdication from the seat  
Of power in yielding place, if wilfully,  
To heart's belovèd heir hath brought therewith  
Retirement from any real turmoil  
Of over-effort toward accomplishment  
In mine own person, brought acceptance of  
The substitution, the fresh vicarage :  
Explaining to my soul the paradox  
Of self-postponement, living-o'er-again,  
Which even mine adolescence, youth-purblind,  
Perceived for marvel of my parents' spirit  
In daily rendering up their seat of self.



## SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS

### III

I PLEDGE me, never to their latest hour  
Did they retire from ripe accomplishment  
Or soul-responsibility within  
Their part and purport to the world at large :  
For they were noble of their souls' degree !  
But yearly, hourly (doubtless) did they learn  
Increasingly a power of prophecy,  
Of — come-what-would — achieving ere their death  
Man's preparation for the child-god's way —  
That untoward and usurping force still fed  
Of the very lives the which its youth outwore  
And drove to desuetude : as now mine own.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

YET now I feel whereby the force I was  
Of new assertion and displacingness  
Brake not the hearts of them whose eldness seem'd,  
At first, but natural effacement from  
The genuine stir and meeting-place of life.  
Now feel I why within me reverence  
Responded, with a filial grace uprear'd,  
Unto the infinite service of their care.  
Now feel I how the heart parental takes  
The stings of child-encroachment gratefully  
And by the gratitude evokes perchance  
A piety — though in the breast of youth.

## SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS

### V

AND subtly sweet the compensation here  
Provided for the half-forced effacement from  
The front of life : this bosom'd warmth within me  
Of intimate onlook, life anew allow'd  
Vicarious, prophetic ; yet, more sweet  
Subtlier still the assurance to my soul,  
Soothing a conscience' quarter-century  
Of self-reproach, this self-discovery late  
Of compensation operative aye  
Within the father's and the mother's bosom  
Destroying, as I sense it here, all pain  
Of their displacement by the child I was !

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

FOR, reverence or stark irreverence  
Alike, stood their largess of gratitude  
In main return'd but by the youth in me  
Appropriating hourly from their hand  
The fountain'd bounty half-inexplicable,  
And turning but to purpose of its own  
The lavish'd, high resource lent of their love.  
Though now the knowledge of like love within,  
Allowing, longing for the sacrifice  
To the waxing future-manhood, cleans the score,  
Wipes out the stain of being born that heir  
Doom'd to displace their souls' nobility.

## SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS

### VII

THE reminiscence, then, were therefore robb'd  
Forever of the childhood's fancied shame ;  
The spirit and sweetness of my child in me  
Vouchsafing revelation (if remote,  
Yet speaking as with sure authority)  
Of that fulfilment which my foil of child  
Afforded — be it childlike ne'er so crude  
Assumptive — to the eld potential in them,  
The eld inevitable : saved of sting  
Itself by that same fact of parenthood  
And inference of sonship. — To be son !  
Oh, sweet, then, shall the recollection stand !

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

AND still how fortunate was reverence,  
Which fortune of my spirit made respond  
The longtime-since-incomprehensible  
Bounty of father and of mother toward me !  
What satisfaction to the memory  
That deep unto their deeps did daily call —  
Despite earth's mystery scarce-understood  
Of generate usurpation ! For in me  
Was born the generation's best response ;  
To memory hitherto a partial salve —  
If soothing insufficiently for peace.  
And part of peace is now that reverence.

## SONGS OF THE GENERATIONS

### IX

AH, therefore, love ! pray we the future hours —  
Not for the sake of solace to our own  
By soft complacence of a pride in him  
And perfected approval, but — that he  
Make reverent return increasingwise  
In mutuality unto our care,  
Lapping in love our house, as formerly  
Each house of adolescence of ourselves.  
That, when the fond self-accusation comes  
For usurpation and displacingness,  
Be he by memory some least assuaged  
Long ere the final revelation heal.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

LONG ere belated revelation yield him  
Solace by knowledge how his growth hath been  
Our growth vicarious, lifting from us  
The burden of the onrush of the world  
Whilst none less leaving in us the wise heart  
Of outlook temporal still self-resign'd  
Interpreting through him this changing face  
Untoward of eldness in eternity ! —  
To him wish we a soul replete as now  
Mine own and thine, belovèd, of wisdom earn'd  
Anent the generations, lighting us  
By lamphood : erst received, now 'pass'd adown' !



POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM



## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### I

DEAR love, it needed not the loyalty  
Of earth's ensuant cycles to attest  
Our love's success, our year-without-end truth  
Of mutual possession. Sun and stars  
With risings and with settings may obey  
Their seasonable promptings whatsoe'er  
And we move with them, if from love to love,  
Evolving still with love's maturity —  
And all be increase as the years behind  
Are cumulant within the years to-be.  
And in such kind is love's success assured. —  
Though of high proof no whit was wanting to us.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

FOR something is there of right prophecy  
In spiritual containment : in a love  
Like ours of comprehension, all-forestall'd  
What fate soever which the seasons bring —  
Itself, such comprehension, overtly  
Creative, in its self-conditioning,  
Of all experiment or proof thereof.  
And every instance of the working-well,  
Each after-moment cosmic-orderly  
And earth-comporting, hath a working-worth  
But ever as fresh-defining intimately  
Our souls' compelling insight functional.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### III

'T WERE deep ingratitude yet to deny  
Our boon of confirmation, cosmicwise  
Achieved, dear day-by-day, sweet night-by-night,  
With universal acquiescence in  
The union and belonging of our lives.  
Life oft hath parted love : each heart its way  
Without appeal from love misunderstood ;  
And vindication ever been postponed  
Though very death demanded reckoning —  
For these things be about us in the earth  
Of others' hearts incomprehensibly. —  
Or very death perchance had parted us.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

BUT death, that no man spareth, though with us  
A visitant indeed, in such sort smote  
As welded with the warm-ensanguined wound  
Our souls but firmlier in the healing scar —  
One infancy so softly snatch'd away  
In peace as scarce from pre-nativity  
To waken to the sleep of after-death.  
And, for that gentle sojourner, the days  
(Despite regret for loss, with hope fulfill'd)  
Offer in generous vitality  
The waxing wonder of the childhood, now  
Oft-sung with celebration worshipping.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### V

AND, though the potency of such a birth  
And of such gradual growth of life with song  
Lay doubtless in our love then at the first,  
Yet death to birth (as with the earlier-born)  
Had like enough, for all the prayers of love,  
Inexorably ensued: ah, save the years  
Of earth themselves had kindlier decreed !  
Wherefore is votive anthem not inept  
Devoutly in respect of him whom love  
Might preconceive indeed but, save all earth  
Conspired in acquiescence, could not bring  
To year-by-year perfection presently.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

AND, whilst I chant, he chanteth ; to thine ear  
Blending with speech of mine an own love-speech,  
Blithe-fill'd of thee as any verse though writ  
In the mystic incitation rapturously  
Of thee within me — as I alway sing.  
And, whilst he dwelleth with us in the world,  
Shall utterance, then, not fail in fair approof  
Of love's fulfilment through the passing years. —  
So death, so birth have kindly visited  
Our love's œconomy and left with us  
Alike, in keeping to our Lord's command,  
The dues of faithful stewardship fivefold.



## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### VII

AND where fivefold hath been the earth's return  
In rhythmus cosmic of the involving spheres  
Which, processful and alway urging on,  
Are yet to primal sight encyclical  
And so for figure serve us of our days  
In measure of a man — where years have been  
In sequence thus sufficient that we pause  
For retrospect and somewhat absolute  
Of satisfaction in their estimate —  
'T were meet that song for hail and for farewell  
Mark the sweet stade upon the journeying.  
For we joint voyage took, and kept in faith.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

I TOOK thee in the spring ; and now the spring  
A fifth recurrence offereth, buds and birds  
Our service ceremonial solemnizing  
With flowery descant raptured, then as now.  
These delicate hymnodizings in the green  
And gossamer breath of blossomy mists about  
Semble the heart-remember'd morn when we  
From our new home in love-light issuing  
(Thrill'd in the sunshine and the mystery  
Of mutual life-envisagement) stood rapt  
With wonder of the earth's enfolding joy :  
Hand-in-hand gazing from our doorway forth.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### IX

WHAT marvel lay behind us ! How the world  
Which long in separate spheres environ'd us  
Had irresistibly establish'd now  
The intimate conjugation orb in orb !  
And, fusing both to one concentrate whole,  
Had permeated through-and-through with candor  
Of radiance autovital soul and earth :  
Hearts, ay, and all that heart may see or hear  
Made mutual-possessing and possess'd —  
World yet withdrawn apart, that married truths  
Of married confidences might be free  
In selfhood focuss'd of our common home !

## LOVE POEMS

### X

WHAT marvel lay before : one step beyond  
Our portal shimmering the faëry-world  
Wherein an earth's futurity was ours ;  
The home behind, where ever to return  
In privileged, all-inclusive solitude  
From soul's excursions ; and before our feet  
Earth's infinite association, then  
As now itself with seasonable loves  
And home-tide glad-resurgent ! I have sung  
Erstwhile the wisdoms of the winter-world  
And fire-bright hearthstone of the home-return.  
Sobeit. But now there is with thee the spring !

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XI

REMEMBER'D is the border of the wood  
Where rippling-windy fields of herb uplift,  
In myriad quivering choristries, to hold  
With intricate chaplets garlanded the bride  
And wingèd bridegroom fine-melodious near ! —  
A tiniest glint, bright-tonal, 'mid the leaves,  
Scarce-perch'd, but momentarily from bough to bough  
With vividest animations fluttering up :  
A tropic-keen intensity of hue  
Like quick blood mounting into vernalness !  
And thou and I knew how the tree contain'd  
Love's concentrations, of a world ensphered.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

I MIND the song, a swift ebullience brief  
Of overjoying energy : too brief  
And leaving on the ear a tune undone  
Maybe, but oft-repeated and so sure  
Of the rightness of the woodland and the world —  
So lets the world but love alone, to sing !  
I mind the song, familiar-sweet to each  
In our long-separate springtimes ; ah ! so dear  
Even then, for that therein our lives most lack'd.  
And how the recognition on allured us  
Till nigh forgot we, love must nest alone —  
And, suddenly too near, had silenced him !

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XIII

SO we of the world of the songster agitant  
(Soft-smiling and with kindness at the core  
For fellowship) abjured the curious quest  
And left to a bosky hermitage the small  
Too-wary homekeepers ; and, faring on,  
Along the blithe, bee-haunted wilderness  
Of faint scents hymeneal, warmly glanced,  
Perchance, each unto each and frankly there  
Press'd hand or lips beneath the guardian heaven ;  
Upgazing after, where the open porch  
Far on the sun-steep'd hill invited aye  
Nestward our footsteps from all wanderings.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

LOVE, it was all so fair ! And yet I find  
This fifth return of spring-tide quite as true  
To pulses of the heart and confidences  
Whose dear familiarity of faith  
But makes them dearer. For with every throb  
Of the rhythmus of our days hath been put-by  
Still more and more of meanings unforgot  
And not-to-be-forgotten : whilst we live  
A cumulation in experience  
Of what life close-together, soul-in-soul  
Brings in the practice of it — warmer still  
Outwearing spring-tide's half-timidity.



## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XV

AY, gloried as the May-tide earth may glow  
With conjugal fervor or the hearts of us  
With fire canescent, yet that shrinking from  
The world-suffusion surely may be mark'd  
Alike in the keen nest-keepers of the vale  
Or us of the bridal homestead. If our hill  
Lifts us above the vale as no bush-nest  
Allows of the heart-love's immanency, yet  
The fond seclusion of the first love-days  
Limits love-comprehension, sets the soul  
Someway sequester'd from her lordliest truth  
Of utterance in a world-accomplishment.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

'T WERE true, I ween, no vital immanency  
Of each in each could be establish'd, save  
The privacy of spring permitted love  
The nest, the bird-and-blossom-privilege  
Of soul-retirement, the thee-with-me.  
For otherwise were nought of nucleus fused  
For focus of the radiance nebulous  
In the new-achieving cosmos. Universe  
Requires the sequestration at the first. —  
But, now that spring-tide hath a fifth return,  
Shall summery-universal openness  
Of spirit-interplay be praised aloud.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XVII

FOR, praising so from open sanctuary  
Of after-proven hymeneal faith  
In comprehensive power, fecundity  
And foison of our fellowship, shall song  
Resound with a rural symphony, the voice  
Untamed if self-controll'd and rightly so  
Rhyming more rich the ardent harmonies  
Of the soul-tide of achievement : earth and sky  
Alike solstitial and so poised and held  
In understanding of the cadences,  
The full-tongued faith-conclusions — world and we  
In conjugate antiphon ; we now as one.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVIII

YEA, in the dual constitution of  
Our lives and their new ripening (once the spring  
Hath been and nest-time and the privacy  
Of love's œconomy), provideth love  
The password to the heart and soul of all,  
In absolute intuition sympathizing  
Of the thee-in-me not otherwise attain'd.  
Earth may o'er-teem, that sun above pours down.  
His actinism and beneficence ;  
And, though the bird in faith-fatigue cease song  
For burden of the generations' due —  
Shall we not welcome such futurity ?

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XIX

FOR I would scarce allow the song of the bird  
(Meant only for the mating and o'erdone  
With cares of the nestling), howsoe'er bird-whole  
Of nest-truth and leaf-inference, for best  
Of utterance human ; but avow the call,  
Beyond mere wood-note wild, to rhapsody  
In conscience cultured of an assonance  
Wrought of the spirit-labor of the sound  
Of multiple voices of the more-than-men  
Who one by one have led, shall lead, or thee  
Or me or any to the harvest of  
The philosophic arduous prophecy.

## LOVE POEMS

### XX

A GLORY beyond the rapture of the hour  
Of mating thus abides, though even we  
Approach that harvesting post-aestival.  
And now 't is so the summer of our lives  
Though spring reneweth about us : for we see  
With wider eyes than erst the functioning  
Of spring-tide in the world-time harmonies.  
The joy quinquennial best courseth through  
Our ripening sap-cells, sith fecundity  
Be also ours and foretaste of the whole  
Complex of cosmic conscience in the fruit  
Of progeny, earth's gradual vicarage.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XXI

PREPARE we, love, for autumn whilst our gaze  
Feasts as in June-enjoyment and our song  
Includeth earth in love's antiphony !  
The full quinquenniad hath found us true  
Thusfar to propaedeutic, leading on  
With glad-avow'd responsibility  
The self-succession in the young man-child.  
And so is wisdom as of winter felt  
In every utterance dedicate to him ;  
And philosophic arduous prophecy,  
Beyond love-rapturous privity, in each  
Earth-explanation offer'd to his soul.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXII

BELOVÈD, so lead we him along the wood  
Now flooded with the season ; teaching him  
A commune with all creatures, bird-and-bough  
Companionships primordial : revelling  
Both in the May without and in our June  
Warm-felt within us ; that, when autumn is  
Upon us with a seed-time, decades may  
Leave him unlonely, heart-at-home with earth  
And ready to receive love's benison,  
If scarce from the guidance outgrown yet, by dower  
Of some true woman-mating — (like thine own)  
Some spirit to yield an universe to him.



## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XXIII

AND thus may we our part of more-than-men  
Achieve in this our love-time, handing down  
An influence of comprehension, proving  
By permeation in experience  
The absoluteness of the spring-tide days.  
Love needed not the ensuant loyalty,  
'T is true ; nor sun and stars the promptings of  
The rhythmus cosmic. Yet, as man is man  
So fill'd of 'fore and after, must we pause  
One hour in reason'd gratitude for terms  
Fivefold of attestation : heart in heart,  
For cosmic acquiescence, world-assured.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXIV

A SONG half-lingers in the woodland — whilst  
Our own, mayhap, be just with June begun !  
Who knoweth ? There is an art-maturing with  
The journeying of the milestones — and a wealth  
Of forest-ecstasy in forest-death  
So as by fire of an Augusthood :  
As by renunciation, largelier felt  
The multitudinous world-ordering.  
And thou and I, 'soever merged in him  
The man-child, should forevermore be free  
Of the sweet soul-country, faring forth in joy  
From the open porch sun-steep'd, high on the hill.

## POEMS OF A PRAGMATISM

### XXV

HAIL and farewell, our May-time ! We are bride  
And bridegroom fain, if fondly more-than-man  
In love's world-comprehension : birth and death  
Still visitants maybe ; and these our days  
Delightful but by fair conspiracy  
With earth now loveliest to a wandering.  
We are pass'd on to prescience aestival  
Of eldness. But our stewardship hath been  
Fivefold of spring-tide ; and a faith in us  
Abideth spring-like through the moods that move.  
Hail and farewell ! We thank the years that yield  
Such proof, of reminiscence inmostly.



SONNETS DOMESTIC



## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### EPHEMERIS

I KNOW not, love, if thou in death shouldst lie  
And speech no more upon thine ear might fall,  
How any song to thy memorial  
Might issue from my lips in threnody !  
Without thy heart to hearken, how might I  
Weave thee one wreath of music coronal —  
When nothing of the sorrowing at all,  
'Soever soul-felt, could evoke thy sigh ?

Ah, love ! and therefore, whilst thine ears may hear  
And heart unto the music harmonize,  
Thus morn by morn with service not too late  
I laud thee : that the hour of any fate  
May find some rite accomplish'd, worshipwise  
Some offering accepted and call'd dear.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE IN BEREAVEMENT AND EXPECTATION

#### I

O SAD Madonna, waiting still the child ;  
O arms, yet empty of the Savior-form !  
O mother-heart, so wanting to be warm,  
Though wintrily from harvest-home exiled !  
O onwardness of life, by death beguiled  
To backward yearnings which no hopes becharm !  
O wistfulness, prevented to enarm  
Thy sacrifice in service reconciled !

Thy sacrifices of a ministry  
All soul-devotion and self-offering !  
Thy longings toward a birth inveterate  
Of endless abnegation ! — Shall these be  
Bemock'd ? Thy motherhood, an empty thing ?  
Shall Christ unto His world not come so late ?



## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO JANE IN BEREAVEMENT AND EXPECTATION

#### II

HE first announced divinity to men,  
'Tis true. And seem'd the birth a miracle.  
Through Him indeed the mystery befell  
Of motherhood unto a woman, then  
First ware of heart's infinitude. And when  
He from the life departed, seem'd it well  
A promise, in the loss-impossible,  
Of soul-return unto our yearning ken.

And unto thee the hope-deferr'd were sore,  
Who look'st in vain unto a vanish'd God ;  
Nor seek'st within thy sacrament of home  
Christ's seed of self-salvation. But before  
Thee ever lieth the way : where Love hath trod,  
Assurance of earth's humanhood to-come.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE IN BEREAVEMENT AND EXPECTATION

#### III

'T IS long ago that Christ was born and died.  
Nor shall He live again, for any faith ;  
Not He again be man, though perisheth  
The heart His early advent deified.  
Not Christ the first-born ever shall provide  
Transcendence spiritual over death  
Unto thy loneliness : unless love's wraith  
Suffice in sorrow to the mystic Bride.

But to thy purification beyond pain  
And year-o'er-ripening of autumn-grief  
Accept annunciation, as earth's true  
Hope and thy season's quickening again  
Bring nature's own religion ! — Dear, but brief  
Be world's probation to the birth anew !

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO ONE BORN LAST NIGHT

THIS morning first, the birds sing unto thee ;  
Who many mornings unto thee may sing.  
This morning first, to their high carolling  
Thine ears are open'd of all times to-be.  
Thee, first to-day, the all-seeing sun doth see ;  
Whilst wondering warmth for this thy nurturing  
He poureth with his light on every thing.  
For yester-morn thou wast not unto me.

Yet now to-day within my heart of song  
Thou liest in the woof of a warm love :  
A joy so new, so tender that it seems  
Born as with beauty of the morning-beams  
But now, and of such delicate wonders wove  
As only to high matin-hymn belong.

## LOVE POEMS

### ON A HUMAN GENESIS

BORN of eternal broodings thou art come,  
Life fresh-created from the void of things —  
By fiat of unfathom'd offerings  
Fashion'd and firmamental — to thy home ;  
By offerings and sacrifice, of doom  
Cosmic, to universal questionings  
The answer sacramental : Whoso brings  
Love to the void shall form thee from the gloom.

And from the gloom sith love hath framed thee erst,  
So ever — as with light of parenthood  
At stream athwart the elemental flood —  
Shall love enshrine thee in its might immersed.  
(And the evening and the morning were the first  
Day. And the father's sight hath found thee good.)

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### ANTIPHONAL

I HEAR within my house the mother-rune,  
Soothing some hour of infant sleeplessness :  
A mystic monotone of tenderness  
By symphony untroubled ; yet in tune  
With sympathy so gracious, the sweet croon  
(For all its unanthemic artlessness)  
Seems a supernal hymn of happiness  
For gratitude at her dear baby-boon.

And this soft sound is heard within my walls  
Long unmelodious for our lost child —  
Heard ever with unceasing marvel mild  
That this supreme to her and me befalls,  
'Suaging in us all loneliness of heart.  
And in the simple song my soul hath part.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO MY BABE IN SUMMER

#### I

I WEAVE around thy cradle many flowers  
In garden-guerdon of an hundred hues,  
Culling from field and hedge-row rainbow-showers  
Of sweetness for thine infancy to choose.  
Fairness I fetch thee, that thy latent powers  
Of faith at sight may seize, nowise to lose  
From plastic deeps, earth's beauty that embowers  
Eye both and brain — absorb, nor e'er refuse  
(For winter-destitution in the night  
Of harden'd manhood), this that in the soul  
Springs as a dawn-inalienable right  
Of wonder and of joy to make thee whole  
By friendliness with earth. — Thee flowers I bring  
To teach thy tongue, or e'er it speak, to sing.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO MY BABE IN SUMMER

#### II

AND songful how much more thy sympathizing  
Shall be, when not these blossoms garlanded  
Unto thine infantile idealizing  
Must die in heaps about thy bodeful bed !  
How loveliest then thy voice of poetizing  
When never these poor petals witherèd  
(Our wanton coronal their woe disguising)  
To stimulate sight-appetite are fed —  
Sad victims of the Moloch of the mind ! —  
Into the maw of man's intelligence.  
Ah ! rather may the feel of kith and kind  
Inform thee, through whatever aiding sense,  
Of beauty spiritual: that thy song,  
O Poet, do the living earth no wrong !

## LOVE POEMS

### TO MY BABE IN SUMMER

#### III

FOR never need the truth-compelling spirit  
Destroy with interfering artifice  
Of hand impertinent to pluck and wear it  
The crown of life's environmental bliss.  
To feel best beauty (ay, to see and hear it,  
To taste the sweetness of earth's common kiss) ;  
To sense of the world the wonders which endear it ;  
And prosper both thy soul and them in this  
Mutual bourgeoning : 't is, not to warp  
Each natural purpose to some fanciful  
Mood-symbolizing — but, to tune thy harp  
With high interpreting heart-plausible.  
For then thy garden, in the art of love,  
Flowers forever with fresh guerdon-trove.



## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### SON OF MAN

THE story of the savior-child is true. —  
'T is the first Christmas. The low cottage-eaves  
Are heavy-laden ; whilst, with weary leaves,  
Labor 'neath winter's weight the fir-boughs too.  
And living-kind, or beast or bird, are few  
Abroad in the hard weather ; for each heart cleaves  
To shelter, where fox-cub suck'd 'mid summer sheaves  
Haply, or — long-whiles erst — the nestling flew.

The savior-story so is credible. —  
Though thou, far sky-divinity, art dimm'd ;  
And pagan blindness miss thee from the Goal ;  
Bides yet earth's love-lair : where, enshelter'd well  
(For me, as not for beast or bird), sweet-limb'd  
The Child, peace-giving presence of thy soul.

## LOVE POEMS

### SOMNIUM

DEAR heart, I only dream'd it : thou, hate-rife,  
Estranged and unresponding ; I, distraught !  
Dear heart, I only dream'd it, but was brought  
Thereby to misery — a ruin'd life !  
And now, awakening, from such dream-strife  
Am wondrously deliver'd : every thought  
Enfranchised from the bitterness sleep-wrought ;  
Free of thy spirit-saviorship, sweet wife !

Dear heart, but I have suffer'd, if in dream,  
The poison'd fangs of soul and felt how hell  
Can crawl the floor of heaven to strike and bite —  
For me, a fantasy of ghoulisn night ;  
For thee, a Sonnet : just a way to tell  
The absoluteness of our love supreme.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### PRIMAVERA

AND (hark !) unto the harmonies of earth  
Is tuned a new-delighted, delicate joy :  
Such gossamer glee as veriest birds employ,  
Uppripping, with unmeditated birth  
And innocence immaculate of mirth,  
To melody of life without alloy.  
For thou, not yet who lispest, poet boy !  
Babblest a nature lyre of infant worth !

Within thine April soul the pulse of speech  
In merriest heart-articulance awakes  
To wildwood-quickenning overflow : such laughter  
As Spring outpours upon the tongue of each  
Breeze-breath and sap-thrill ; such bud-truth as takes  
Interpretation of the blossoming after.

## LOVE POEMS

### TELEPATHEIA

#### I

LO ! I am ill : and thou not here to hold me  
From harm in the night-watches, nor to take  
The loneliness from long-drawn hours awake  
For want of thy sweet pity to enfold me. —  
How would I weep, to hear thy love retold me  
As on that night when first thy lips did make  
Confession of their faith in me : to slake  
The thirst of mine, wherewith thy soul ensoul'd me !

'T is our betrothal season come around  
With anniversary yearnings seasonable ;  
A night of pity and an hour of needing,  
When memories tormentingly abound  
And love itself is loneliness at pleading.  
And soul is sick : and thirst, inexorable.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TELEPATHEIA

#### II

LO ! I am ill : and thou once more beside me  
With minist'ring sweet purpose and an heart  
Blithe only to anticipate the smart  
Of wifely sympathy whate'er betide me.  
And bitterly no more in brain deride me  
Betrothal memories. The tears that start  
Are simple gratitude for that thou art —  
Angel of consolation ne'er denied me.

So our wan anniversary watch is blent  
Of mystical suffusion ; a vigil-season  
Too vivid as of sap-insurgent meaning  
To estimate past hours lonelier spent :  
An instant reminiscence, ripely gleaned  
Love's long-reap'd instincts to a warm unreason.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE: WITH A WEDDING-CAKE AND CANDLES

IT matters not what anniversary,  
How few the years of bridal we have seen ;  
How late-enflower'd a plenitude hath been  
Of spirit-pair'd communion. Thou and I —  
So long or short a joy we may put by —  
Are rich beyond computing, with the green,  
Ungarner'd hours of affluence between  
The budding and the fruitage finally.

And therefore are these weeks of blossoming,  
These warm communions of sun-married Spring  
And interchange of leafy sympathies  
With raptures of the birds' sweet syllabling,  
Rightly our feast-days : hours when heart and eyes  
Alike are conscious of infinities.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO MY BOY, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY

#### I

ONE season-cycle of the sun hath sown,  
Since first he beam'd upon thee, but the seed  
Of health and infant wholesomeness ; the weed  
Or canker, broadcast of the breezes blown,  
Being strewn far from thee : that thy frame hath grown  
In sweetness as in strength ; and all our heed  
For parent-pride in gardenhood hath meed  
Ample in bedded leafage bravely shown.

So primal, yet so perfected a year ! —  
Ah ! would but earth perennially conspire  
To keep thee, heart and soul, encloister'd still,  
Hedged-in from every spirit-wind of ill :  
A lovely life to life's primordial fire  
Greenly resurgent sans reproach or fear !

## LOVE POEMS

### TO MY BOY, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY

#### II

NAY, child ! can any soul, sequester'd round  
(Sans proofs of storm-wind and the tests of ill :  
Batten'd as with sweet waters to the fill)  
From weed and worm in covenanted ground,  
By proud, superfluous petals spirit-bound —  
Then of the summer's warmth abandon'd ! — still  
Lift free to fruit against the fall, and will  
Love's reawakening though in burial found ?

A year so perfect, yet so primitive ! —  
Lo ! may but earth yield thee the worth of life  
For overcoming of the wrath of it :  
The struggle as the sympathy, the fit  
Survival of the generous in strife ;  
The ripe self-conquest of who braveliest live !



## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO JANE, HER MAGIC

I FEAR, dear friend, how all the poethood  
Of dawn, the half-light fantasy that sings  
(Youth's aspiration in the airy wings)  
Are long since from mine elemental mood  
Vanish'd ; the wakening hill, the hearkening wood,  
The whispering wind of morn-imaginings,  
Unto the sanity that noontide brings  
Too strictly known, too little in the blood.

And, yet, to take of thee thy light-of-heart  
Were, every hour more sure, to understand  
The poetry of earth, the throb and lift  
Of sympathy, in everything thy gift :  
To waft with thee the liberating wand  
Of woman-truth instinct with faëry art.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO ONE LEARNING TO TALK

#### I

ALREADY thine infant tongue attempts to tell  
The secrets of the centuries, to be  
Interpreter of hourly mystery  
And prophet of the faith ineffable :  
Thine inarticulance a miracle  
Of absolute meaning ; if, at best, to me  
A babbling, at the baby heart of thee  
An utterance universal, languaged well.

Dear child, I know the impulse infinite  
Of speech, the feel of utterance achieved  
Transmuting, world-illumining — and then  
The failure of the truth among all men. —  
Singer ! when thy psalm needs to be received,  
May I have soul, to apprehend aright !

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### TO ONE LEARNING TO TALK

#### II

BUT, also, be thou heedful that thy speech  
Be alway tender of thy fellow's whim,  
Imbued with deference for the faith of him,  
Preventing bitterness: that unto each  
Shall seem his own the truth thou so wouldst teach  
And thy light be unto the utmost rim  
Transfused and love-irradiant of the dim  
Uncertain vistas to the stars that reach.

And by the service social shall thy word  
Inform thy mind with symbols manifold  
Unguess'd of him who sitteth still alone  
To sing, and marks no heart-beat but his own. —  
Attune truth-fellowship; and thou hast told  
What needs not, yet deserveth, to be heard.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO ONE LEARNING TO TALK

#### III

AND thus, dear child, be but the more sincere  
For each fresh insight of the world so woo'd,  
Conforming speech to private poethood  
(Not to the caption of the listening ear)  
The richlier by thy love for them that hear.  
For he, that needs not to be understood  
Because all hearts reveal him to his mood,  
Sings the true universal inly dear.

And therefore thy rhapsodic prophet-trance  
Shall wax but wiselier lyric by the height,  
The depth and breadth and strength of helping power,  
The zeal of every ministering hour  
Concluded of thy spirit in its might. —  
Serve ; and thy soul shall not miss utterance !

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### THE FIRST WORD

LO ! — whether because the lips ancestrally  
That kiss'd thee in the morning of thy kind  
And had the shaping of thy primal mind,  
Being hopeful to propitiate, did try  
To teach thee of thy father flattery  
And prosper so their babe ; or if behind  
The tender syllabbling thy soul 's inclined  
Toward immanent affection — here am I !

By a new bond beholden at thy call  
I hearken a behest, and I am here.  
Whilst to the wonderment of every ear  
Thy late-won spell controlleth me in thrall :  
The Name — as anciently supposed of some,  
A Power to make the heart-beats go and come !

## LOVE POEMS

### THE FIRST FLIGHT

#### I

THE house is strangely silent : not a stir  
Above, even in that adytum where nurse  
Is priestess of the immemorial verse ;  
No croon, no high acclaim of him nor her !  
Yet, since that morning when Love's messenger  
Had left him in the temple to disperse  
The veriest shades of night, no hour the worse  
Hath seem'd for hymns of such a torchbearer.

And now 't is silence — counted gloom by gloom  
Unto the worship'd prodigal's return ;  
Who, year by year but with a further flight  
Forsaking still the nest, shall lightly yearn  
To his own hour of mating : when the night  
Shall find mine house as songless as the tomb.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### THE FIRST FLIGHT

#### II

BUT yet, what joy to see how he, my son,  
Shall taste of freedom and the morning-earth  
The sweets outside the temple, though the hearth  
Of parentage be dark, the nest-hour done !  
What years of youth-renewal but begun  
For us who, if with a vicarious worth  
Thereby the livelier, take the marvel-mirth  
Of sunsurge and the fledgling-clarion !

And when the fun and flutter shall be o'er  
Of dewtime, frolic heedlessness in him,  
When stirrings of maturing spirit thrill  
The noontide to a glory — shall eyes be dim  
Behind dull panes which so still gaze their fill  
Openly under heaven as of yore ?

## LOVE POEMS

### PROPAEDEUTIC

#### I

ANON, upon men's myriad walks and ways  
A small, uncertain step hath enter'd : he,  
My son, essaying, if but deviously,  
The all-uneven surface of earth's maze.  
And firm through enterprise of lordlier days  
Shall largelier go and come the step to-be ;  
Leading, in man-reliance, far from me  
And guardianship outworn of hand and gaze.

But now, that yet each tottering effort ends  
In lost precipitance, and parent-arms  
Are more-than-human strong and wide and sure —  
Ah ! trust that of the learning shall endure  
The sense of sonship in him : from all harms  
Of soul enarming, far as soul extends !



## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### PROPAEDEUTIC

#### II

AH, time was when above all walks of man  
Seem'd some o'er-human guardian leaning out  
Of heaven with father-arms our paths about,  
Leading and leading since the world began.  
And unto Him our every journey ran,  
Or swift or slow, undeviant — in rout  
Or confidence, yet safeliest ! But doubt  
Hath left our steps to guide us as they can.

So, 'in default of any fathering God',  
Must fatherhood unto our end-of-time  
Sustain thee in a sonship ; and my heart  
Be absolute in zeal to serve the start  
Anent thy man-salvation. That thy prime  
Shall trace a truth, there where thy feet have trod.

## LOVE POEMS

### PROPAEDEUTIC

#### III

FOR nothing of that Godship men have lost  
Need so be wanting to us. But a lore  
Of love, a mutual intimacy more  
Ennobling than of angels, pay the cost  
A thousandfold though all the heavenly host  
Are dreams and only death hath gone before :  
We in such orphanage if earning sore  
The cross of Christhood, yet its victory most. —

Cast on my care thy childhood, gentlest son ;  
That I of thee be worthiest in the will  
To lead thee toward an understanding soul  
And strength for sympathy within the whole  
World, that is thine to foster to the fill !  
For so eternity is best begun.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### OF RIGHT AND WRONG

#### I

BEHOLD ! but yesterday thy baby breed  
Was free from blame ; if human, without sin :  
No matter what thy hands were busied in,  
An heart immaculate of moral meed,  
A soul beneath least hint of ethic heed  
Imputed, Edenwise a blank within.  
Yet now thy tiny hands and feet begin  
A mischief — mischief meant in will and deed !

Stern duty toucheth thee ; and at the nod  
Thy new humanity is hard at bay,  
Dogged and resolute to be not — dress'd !  
And we must threat thee of a worst and best,  
Beset thee with the thorns of yea and nay,  
And spoil thy peace if we would spare the rod.

## LOVE POEMS

### OF RIGHT AND WRONG

#### II

PERCHANCE, thine innocence was some mistake  
Of hearts case-harden'd beyond niceties  
Of virtues eozoan ; and thine eyes  
Have alway chosen, cradled yet awake,  
A better or a worse to make or break  
A moralism in thee, only wise  
In ways less overt to our sympathies —  
Who now at heart with anxious insight ache ?

I doubt me. — But the doom imperial  
Of good and evil in the spirit borne  
Confronts thee from this hour ; for thee, for us  
A kindred crown of torture glorious. —  
And ours, to learn thy longings and to warn  
As best we may. And thine, to come at call.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### QUINQUENNIAL

BELOVÈD, when first we met, how seem'd thy face  
The face of some remember'd friend, thy speech  
A converse sweet-continued — though the reach  
Of sight or sound before in any place  
Had not for me contain'd thee, and the grace  
Of years fivefold hath since sufficed to teach  
But little of the years lost unto each  
In ignorance of such an heart-embrace !

But, soft ! There lispeth at our hearth the truth  
Of that miss'd reminiscence, o'er and o'er  
Companionable to our mutual youth.  
And one, who breathed and died, breathed not in vain  
Of past infinitudes : betwixt us twain  
A bond of joy just-born forevermore.

## LOVE POEMS

### ATTAINMENT

#### I

BELOVÈD, when the failure day by day  
From any perfected accomplishment  
Offends the spirit, when the discontent  
Of our humanity condemns the clay  
That erst had aspiration ; then I pray  
To thee, with him who unto us was sent,  
For absolution — and, in meekness shent,  
Accept the heart-forgiveness as I may.  
I know that were I nobler than the best  
(More strong to serve and to achieve in thee)  
Thou couldst not more accept nor more make blest ;  
Thou couldst not more achieve the holiest  
Of earth's perfections : thou, with him and me,  
The elemental human family.

## SONNETS DOMESTIC

### ATTAINMENT

#### II

AND as some wide embrace of sea and shore  
Enraptures and uplifts us outwardwise  
To feel companionable with the skies  
Whilst none less human humbly to the core ;  
So thou, with him whom thy sweet spirit bore  
To be thy bosom's solace, to mine eyes  
(Though self-abased) affordest high emprise  
And heartfelt inspiration more and more —  
Just by the all-forbearance ! If my part  
Of unattainment still be comforted  
By sense of comradeship with all thou art  
And firmamental kinship with thine heart,  
Shall I forswear the power within me bred  
To sing (and cease not) of thy splendors spread ?







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